The Michigan Every Three Weekly

Volume 3, Issue 6 | *one hundred and twelve years of usurping drew bledsoe* | February 2002

Student Declares Roommates "Axis of Evil"

"State of the Apartment Address" gets cold reception

ANN ARBOR, MI—In a speech that his roommates had not been highly anticipating, Joseph Connell delivered his first State of the Apartment Address since his move into 1327 Geddes Apt. 6 last September. While much of his speech was controversial, perhaps most striking was Connell's labeling of his roommates as an "Axis of Evil," who have been involved in sponsoring acts of terror in the apartment.

Joe Connell: Idealist, Visionary, Podium Enthusiast

"As we gather tonight, our apartment is a dump, our toilet's clogged up, some uncivilized prick broke my stereo, and the smell in Steve's room has never been stronger. Truly we are in crisis." said Connell. "Dan [who shops for groceries] is a roommate stocking up on Doritos, while starving us of the Fritos we need to live. Steve aggressively exports our liquor stash to his friends, while oppressing the right to watch Letterman at 11:30 instead of Craiggers. And Evan continues to flaunt his hot girlfriend around the apartment, making occupants feel really horny and lonely."

Connell went on to say, "Roommates like these, and their obnoxious friends, constitute an Axis of Evil, threatening peace in the apartment."

As Connell continued to fling accusations at his roommates, they steadily departed the dining nook, where he had assembled them.

Roommate Steve Hanson responded to the speech. "Man, I just don't know what's up with Joe. I don't know why he's gotta get us all together and bitch at us like that. He had that weird podium thing he brought in, and the tape of applause sounds that he kept playing. Don't even ask me how he got [Interim President of Afghanistan] Hamid Karzai to show up for that thing. Shouldn't he be, you know, governing, or

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Three Die in Candlelight Vigil

'U' prepares for Candlelight Vigil-Vigil

ANN ARBOR, MI— A solemn air pervaded Ann Arbor this morning as students attempted to attend classes as normal in the aftermath the freak candle-lit tragedy of nearly a week ago. Elegiac signs and boquets of fresh flowers still adorn the steps of the graduate library, commemorating the lives of three students killed in the worst vigil accident in the history of the University.

Who Needs Genuine Empathy When You Can Just Hold a Candle In Public?

The ill-fated vigil, held to support the struggle of China-terrorized Tibet, started off normally, but ended in disaster. "We thought we were doing a good thing," stated Amnesty International member Wren Freedom as he parallel parked his electric car. "We hoped to ease the fears of the Tibetan people by showing them that 10 or 15 college students who live in paradise compared to their own homes supported their struggle by standing still with candles half a world away. How come we can save the whales, but not our own people?"

Sophomore Amber Crowley echoed Freedom's views. "We were solving world problems," she said as she tugged at her hemp jeans and listened to "We Shall Overcome" on her Rio. "Really the only non-vigil way to do that is to act condescendingly toward those eating meat and wearing shoes while hoping they're shamed into action of their own."

Crowley explained: "We all came over from Cava Java and it was, like, a totally somber event. My boyfriend was drinking a double mocha. I had chai. Somebody ordered a couple vegan pizzas. All of a sudden we realized that the wax shields on three of the candles were improperly installed. The candles leaked on the empty boxes, causing them to ignite. A couple of the hippies tried to put them out using free-range wool-woven freedom blankets. Unfortunately, the natural ink in the blankets started burning too and by then, half the crowd was covered in wax and flame, writhing in anguish. They were like human candle wicks. When you think about it, it was quite poignant. Rather than burning candles, they burned themselves. They gave the ultimate gift to those Tibetans—their point-

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UAC
UNIVERSITY ACTIVITIES CENTER

Economy On Rebound, Doesn't Want To Rush Into Relationship

On Tuesday, the Economy announced she is taking a break after ending her on-again/off-again relationship with Recession. Economy broke up with Recession in January, after she experienced a 0.2 percent rate of growth, while Recession had stayed where he was.

"I just had this epiphany," Economy said. "Recession seemed fun and exciting in the beginning. He wanted me to simplify and lay off my extra Ford workers. I even let him evaluate my federal reserves on the second date. But he could be such an obnoxious bear sometimes. He would steal my CDs and leave his used, worn-out tech stocks all over the floor. When I caught him making out with my sister at a Christmas party, I had just had enough."

"I warned Economy to cut her interest rate in him, but she didn't want to listen," said Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan. "I was all 'Don't go there girlfriend, Recession just wants to play you.' And she was all, 'It'll be different this time. He said he'd change.' And I'm like, 'Girl, Recession's got as much change as a Sunday parking meter. You've got to get rid.'" Greenspan then sassily snapped his fingers.

"I just can't deal with relationships right now," Economy said. "I just need some 'me' time, to figure out why I keep doing this. Things are going really well and consumers are happy, then Recession shows up, wearing his leather jacket and riding his motorcycle, and I fall for it every time. Plus, he's really cute. I know I should probably just settle down and marry a doctor for the stability, but not this quarter."

Meanwhile, the recently dumped Recession fears most people have a negative opinion of him. "Everyone thinks Recession's a bad guy, but I'm not," Recession said, referring to himself in the third person. "Whenever I hook up with Economy I act crazy, but normally I'm a nice guy. People don't know the real Recession. For example, did you know Recession loves to cook? Or Recession owns 5 cats? Or Recession has a master's degree in mechanical engineering, but I can't get a job because I got laid off at Ford? People hear all these crazy rumors about Recession, but most of them aren't true. I just hope people give me a chance."

Enron Executives Found To Be Real Victims of Enron Scandal

Execs went from dirty stinking filthy rich to only filthy rich in just days

HOUSTON, TX—Enron executives who once lived in real world versions of the Barbie Dream House may soon be forced to settle for less prestigious Skipper Aloha Summer Fun Mansions in the wake of the company's financial ruin. Though the Enron collapse has impoverished thousands of middle-class workers, the true costs of the scandal are only now becoming known. High-level executives at Enron, in between desperate searches for enough money to make their Lear Jet payments, have launched a public relations campaign to show the public that they are the real victims.

"Our employees may have lost their piddling, laughable life savings," said CEO of Enron Accelerator Lou L. Pai, "but many of us lost literally millions. Sure, they could have lost maybe $200,000 and gone broke, but I went from a net worth of $250 million all the way down to $243 million. Who do you think is the bigger victim here? The answer is me, by about $6.8 million."

"Two hundred thousand dollars may be the difference between a doublewide trailer and the homeless shelter, but $6.8 million is the difference between a 40 foot yacht and a 60 foot one," continued Pai, "Let's keep this in perspective here."

Other courageous executives have come forward. On *The Today Show*, a sobbing Linda Lay, wife of former Enron CEO Ken Lay, spoke about the desperate state of the family's finances.

"Other than all the stuff we really like, and most of the stuff we kinda like, everything we own is for sale," said Mrs. Lay. "There's nothing left."

However, after Lay's statement came under fire for being completely and utterly untrue, a spokesman for the Lays issued a correction. "What Mrs. Lay meant to say," said the spokesman, "is that there is nothing left except the $200 million in compensation that Mr. Lay received from Enron, the $10 million in non-Enron stock they own, their sixteen properties in Texas and Colorado, and several small nations scattered across the southern hemisphere.

"And when Mrs. Lay said everything was up for sale, she neglected to mention that the sale is not due to fiduciary troubles, but simply to finance Mr. Lay's charitable contributions to the Foundation for Research on Making Ken and Linda Lay, and Nobody Else, Not Even Their Kids, Immortal."

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In the News

Rapper C-Murder Charged with Murder

New Orleans police arrested rapper C-Murder on Friday in connection with the shooting death of a 16-year old on January 12th.

"This was the easiest case we've ever had," said New Orleans police chief John Jacobsen. "We don't actually have any evidence, but come on! His name is C-Murder! Do you need any more proof than that?"

C-Murder's cousin, F-Murder, is outraged by the arrest. "Arresting him because his last name is Murder? This is profiling at its worst! It doesn't make sense. I mean, his last name is Murder and he may have *murdered someone*, but he is not a Murder-er."

Johnny Cochrane, C-Murder's attorney, agrees. "You can't judge a person by their name. I mean, is Dr. Dre really a doctor who did graduate work at The Old School? Was Snow really a form of precipitation? Were the Fat Boys really fat? Okay, bad example. But is MC Hammer really a tool? Again, bad example. But what about Ice-T? Is he really a refreshing beverage? I mean, in the literal sense? No, of course not. I rest my case."

C-Murder, whose legal name is Curtis W. Shoplifting III, would not respond to accusations.

Hundred-Acre Wood Mourns Deceased Eeyore

Suicide Suspected For Depressed Donkey

Eeyore, the beloved donkey who was recently diagnosed with manic-depression, was found dead at his home in the Hundred-Acre Wood. He died of a drug overdose, which was believed to be a suicide.

"He didn't leave a note," Make-Believe police chief Christopher Robin said. "But he has no enemies that we know of. Also, we found his tail had fallen off outside his collapsed house. After trying so many times to reattach the tail, we believe that this further failed attempt and his lack of three-sticks-propped-in-a-teepee-shape-owner's insurance may have driven him over the edge."

Friends of the donkey were saddened by the news, but hardly surprised.

"Ooh, I don't know," Piglet said. "I just, I, um, um, I, oh dear, this is just so sad. I, I, um, I mean, ooh. I thought he was sad and all, but, oh dear, oh. Oh."

"He was always so depressed and the Prozac didn't work," Rabbit said when told of the news. "I feel bad, but, it still doesn't mean he should have been eating carrots from my garden all the damn time."

A small funeral service with a few of Eeyore's dearest friends was expected.

"I volunteered to be a pall bearer," Tigger said. "Cuz that's what Tiggers do best."

Mariah Carey Paid $30M not to Appear at Nephew's Birthday Party

Following a nervous breakdown last summer, EMI's $25 million contract buyout, and a disappointing Super Bowl national anthem performance which reminded audiences all too much of her movie/album *Glitter*, parents Jeff and Tonya Carey have opted to buy themselves out of their contract with singer Mariah Carey, in which she agreed to appear at their son's birthday party.

"This is a sad day for Mariah," said E! News Online correspondent Chazz Dickinson. "She's probably crying on her treadmill with her spiked heels and bucket of Häagen Dazs right now. Despite having broken all records for singers being paid to be quiet, she must be quite depressed now."

Carey commented on the buyout to reporters. "Screw you all. Screw my fans. Screw my record company. I'm going to stay in my $20 million house and eat Ho-Hos while sitting on my ass and feeding my cat $100 bills ground up in her food, and you're all going to pay for it. Oh did I say that? I'm sorry, I wasn't being rude. I'm just so exhausted."

In other news, Carey is apparently involved in a suit against users of I-mesh and Morpheus who have been trading blank mp3 files with her name on them over the Internet.

Campus News

GEO Adds New Contract Demands: Respect, Self-esteem

The Graduate Employee Organization walked out of contract negotiations early in February, despite the University agreeing to a 20% pay raise, daycare, and equal language testing for nationals and foreign students.

"The ball is in our court," said student negotiator Robert Williams. "The Regents are caving in. If we strike they'll lose all their discussion leaders and all we have to do is give up some trifles like our tuition, monthly stipend, homes, and solid food."

With such a powerful bargaining lever for the GEO, they have threatened a strike unless professors and students are contractually obligated to respect them. In addition, the GEO stipulated that a monthly stipend of self-esteem must accompany their paychecks.

"It's not that we don't appreciate their offer. It's just one time someone started reading a newspaper when I was trying to tell a story about what I'd do after graduation," said Williams. "When I told him to stop he got all condescending and asked if it'd be on the test."

Since the negotiations, the Regents have been brainstorming alternatives to canceling classes. "Well, at first we considered hiring bums off the street," Regent Andrea Newman (R-Ann Arbor) said. "But even though studies show that bums beat 95% of GSIs in both English ability and pleasantness of odor, that would require me to go on the street. I don't do that. I'm a Regent."

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God Has Deep Voice or British Accent

Or Both, Say Researchers

ANN ARBOR, MI—University religion professors, who earlier this year received an accidental funding increase that they had no idea how to spend, have begun studies in an attempt to determine God's physical characteristics and voice. According to the leading theory, God has a British accent and resembles a "buff, naked Socrates."

"The Buff, Naked Socrates (BNS) theory seems to be the most credible so far," religion professor Rob Talbot said in a press conference yesterday. "You see the same image in many Renaissance paintings–suggesting, of course, that the Almighty frequented the studios of these artists and was often seen in their surrounding towns and villages."

Another member of the team cited various ancient pictographic records of God found at an odd site on Plymouth Road. "Yeah, we just came from Blockbuster," said Dr. Keith Michener. "We walked up to the counter and said, 'We're looking for some God movies.' The guy was very helpful and we got a lot of useful material. We also rented *Willow*, because Val Kilmer's in it, and he's kind of like what God would be if God were a late-80s era Val Kilmer. But other than that, we found that usually God had a really deep voice, because he's old, and omnipotent, and all. Also, since he's really smart, he's got a British accent, kind of like Sting, who is also really smart."

The BNS theory has met strong opposition in some quarters, however. "I think all those popular theories are wrong," said Jerry Robinson, professor of Fuzzy Science and head of the Face of God Project, which seeks to piece together a more accurate picture of the Almighty at the expense of cancer research.

"He is described as being accessible and friendly, yet wise and stern," continued Robinson. "We put all this data into our special face-creating software and generated what could be the most likely image: George Burns." When asked why God needs glasses and smokes cigars, he looked at his computer for a moment and said, "I have a Ph.D., so you shut your big fat mouth."

In fact, there are hundreds of competing theories about the nature of God, including the Big Fat Party Guy theory, the Big Fat Party Elephant theory, the He Doesn't Exist, You Conformist Fuck theory, and Witchita, Kansas 10-year-old Billy Jefferson's theory, which envisions a God about eight feet tall, sporting a suit with a big "G" on it and shooting out laser eye beams. Oh, and He can turn invisible. And run fast. And His skin can become metal.

With such a profusion of competing theories out there, it seems assured that the debate about the nature of God will last forever, or at least until next Wednesday, when God is scheduled to appear on Oprah. "The mystery of the nature of God has long mystified humanity," said Dr. William Hamin, professor of Vague, Meaningless Statements. "His nature will probably remain mysterious, and why is no mystery. As anyone who's seen *Raiders of the Lost Ark* should know: He melts your face."

The Guy Hovering Over Me At The Computer Lab, Waiting For Me To Leave, Is An asshole

According to a recent survey of students who are me, 100% of all people standing on top of me at the computer lab while I am trying to work are in fact giant assholes. Studies also show that they can wait their fucking turn, like I did when I came in and the place was full.

"I hate that guy," said me. "He thinks if he annoys me enough he can get rid of me? Well, I'm not going anywhere."

The guy standing on top of me, who will now be referred to as Hoser J. McAsshole, said in response "Dude, you gonna be done soon?" McAsshole then repeated this comment every thirty seconds or so, and refused to go away even after several passive-aggressive dirty looks and loud sighs by me.

"Why won't he leave?" said me. "Obviously, he doesn't realize I'm in the middle of a very important game of computer solitaire, which is much more important than whatever homework he has."

"McAsshole's just the tip of the iceberg," continued me. "There are plenty of other assholes here at the computer lab, like the girl on the cell phone, Chatty Q. McSelf-Important, or the guy who constantly whistles, Irksome O'Motherfucker. And, well, pretty much everybody else here is an asshole too. Except for me. Ooo this ten goes on the jack."

When reached for comment, O'Motherfucker denied that he is annoying, and claimed that the offensive term is not actually his real name. "This is stupid. I'm not even Irish!" He then spent the next forty minutes pretending to accidentally kick me in the shins from the other side of the desk.

Letters to the Editor

These are real, no joke. If you see your letter, you got a bumper sticker, come pick it up at the UAC office, 4th floor, Michigan Union.

Subject: You have received an anonymous personal tip
Date: Thu, 24 Jan 2002 13:49:21
From: "Just a Tip" <tip@justatip.com>

Don't be offended, but someone you know has sent you a message through Just a Tip.Com. The information you are about to read may contain adult content that may be considered offensive by some. To see your friend (or ex-friend's) message, simply click on the link below...and be prepared!

http://www.justatip.com/notify/view.asp?NotifyID=2173025&Verify=711553

So apparently, someone thinks that we are unoriginal and not funny. So, to prove their comic superiority, they have sent us a strangely solemn anonymous criticism . If we suck so much, why not write us a letter with your email address in it so that we could further display our incompetence in a feeble attempt to make fun of you? ,Thus proving your thesis in front of our entire readership? I mean really—what good is a high-horse if you're too pathetic to take it out of the stable?

Subject: Amendments/Kudos
Date: Thu, 24 Jan 2002 21:46:21
From: "sycamore847" <sycamore847@msn.com>

Hey, I'm not yet a student of U of M, but I still enjoy your magazine online. You gouys are great. I do have a question, though: seriously, what's going on with the Gargoyle? Are you guys rivals, or do you have writers that contribute to both publications? Thanks, and keep the satire coming. Oh, and here are two amendments that are indispensable to the continued excellence of the E3W.

No we're not rivals. It's like Mike Tyson and Lennox Lewis. One used to be good once, one is currently good. One is lauded with critical accolades and celebrated by legions of admirers, one is marked by the intelligence and subtlety of a herd of rhinoceroses performing "Swan Lake." You can figure out which is which.

And speaking of the amendments, we are still accepting reader suggestions for amendments to the E3W constitution. The chosen amendments will get published and the author will receive a free E3W prize! Out-of-campus submissions will receive a special bonus prize as well! I hope you don't take these exclamation points as a sign that the prize is good, because it's not! It's because I spilled root beer on the period key!

Subject: Euroff
Date: Thu, 24 Jan 2002 23:25:24
From: "Gabe Heiss" <pistgabe@prontomail.com>

Dear Idiots @ E3W,

I don't appreciate your inclusion of "skinhead" in your European Union Standardizes Ethnic Slurs article. What is a skinhead to you? Do you think it's synonymous with racist? I(and any other REAL skins that might read this trash)am more offended than the so-called Dagos,Limeys,or Krauts that might not find your racist way of making fun of racism humorous. "The new slur, called "the Euroff" was conceived through a collaboration of eminent linguists,historians,and skinheads..." Skinheads? What the hell is that supposed to mean? Why would honest, working class youths be consulted for new ethnic slurs? The skinhead culture and history has nothing to do with racism or politics, and you AND the mainstream media have ignored that fact ever since the days of Geraldo getting his nose broken! Don't get me started on Hollywood! Skinhead fashion is at least 35 years old. It was influenced by late 60's British mods and West Indian rudeboys.Ska,soul,rocksteady,and reggae were original skinhead favorites in the London youth clubs .Even rock bands such as Slade embraced the skinhead style and continued to entertain "bootboys" well into the seventies after growing out their hair in the Glam era. Punk Rock exploded in '76 and there were new "skinheads" influenced by punk's casual use of the swastika for shock value and the NationalFront.Represented by bands like Skrewdriver and No Remorse, this was the beginning of the "bonehead" movement as we know it. Oi!music of the 80's, which has nothing to do with the aforementioned losers,was started by late 70's social realist punk bands such as Sham 69 and the Angelic Upstarts.Alot of Oi! songs consist of pub singalongs and football terrace chants ,with patriotic anthems being the only thing that could be misinterpeted as right wing.

Don't judge a book by the cover .Oi! and ska are still favorites by traditional non racist skinheads today, and if a Neo-Nazi baldie listens to these genres he or she are just hypocrites.

Wow. Cutting that letter would have been a disservice to our readers. E3W is being lectured on race and ethnicity issues by the Skinheads. THE SKINHEADS! Yet again, the violent-psychotics have inadvertently trumped the humorists in the pursuit of hilarity. Well done, violent-psychotics, well done.

But wait a minute. This whole nice guy skinhead thing has gotten me confused. If what you say is true, you're not a skinhead, you're just a bald guy. We have no quarrel with the bald man.

Subject: Dirty Euroffs?
Date: Tue, 29 Jan 2002 07:47:50
From: "Abraham, David" <David.Abraham@fanucrobotics.com>

I found your paper offensive and hurtful. Don't you realize that the majority of Americans have European heritage?? How could you help create such a cruel and dirty racial slur!!

Just kidding actually, your paper is f*cking hilarious. My friends and I were laughing our asses off at the movie theater reading the E3W on my PDA. Y'all have out done yourselves once again.

Keep up the good work,
-Dave

P.S. You're way better than the Onion most times, but I think they're getting paid. What gives?

Well nobody gives… that's why we don't get paid. (Oh, the parlor jokes), You see what he did there folks? He started off with all this mean stuff and cleverly flipped it with his "just kidding." That's what we in the business call a bait and switch. It's like in a Full House episode where Uncle Joey thinks he has a hot date, and then he doesn't, but then he does. Well-crafted David Abraham of fanucrobotics.com. As for being better than the Onion, we have the benefit of coming out 9 times a year while they come .out over 30 times a year, which, if my calculations are correct, is a lot more. Regardless, thanks for the compliments, and if you have any legitimate problems with the Euroff article, please feel free to send complaints/suggestions/deadly anthrax directly to the Michigan Review.

Subject: idea
Date: Wed, 30 Jan 2002 15:26:48
From: Axelnervous@aol.com

for your next paper, i'd like to see one of the fake headlines one the right read:

"Amazing Paperboy Delivers" and have a picture of the Nintendo Game paperboy. Wouldn't that be fucking funny?

No.

Subject: You MOTHERFUCKERS!!!!
Date: Fri, 01 Feb 2002 16:40:46
From: "Steve Ricardo" <stevoricardo99572@hotmail.com>

The Michigan Every Three Weekly is racist, sexist, fascist, homophobic, segregationist, McCarthyist, terrorist, reactionary, anti-Semitic, Anti-Arab, Anti-Christian, mysogynist, ignorant, atheist, outrageous, ridiculous, egregious, deplorable, racist, racist, and did I mention: racist

Fuck you,
Steve Ricardo
U-M Alumnus

If we're gonna get hate mail from alumni, why couldn't it be Alice the maid or that hot chick on Ally McBeal? Anyway I think Mr. Ricardo covered some of the bases… but he forgot prohibitionist, anti-anti-Semitic, pro-stuff-Steve-Ricardo-likes, realist (in the sense of painter Edger Degas), modernist, post modernist, hobo-phobic, and anti-people who shout out baseless accusations in an unintelligent manner. I have one question though—if we hate all races, doesn't that mean we don't favor one over the other–making us equal-opportunity racists, and thus not racists? Ponder that while I go to a commercial.

E3W Contest Update!

We're still looking for submissions of amendments for our UAC constitution. See your name in print! Get free E3W swag! Probably be made fun of!
Email submissions to:
threeweeks@umich.edu

Email us at:

threeweeks.letters@umich.edu

My favorite color is navy blue

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Mafia Announces Benefits for Same-Sex Partners

NEW YORK, NY— Following the lead of many major employers, the Mafia announced yesterday that they would provide benefits packages to partners of same-sex employees. An attorney representing the Five Families of New York released a statement on their planned benefits for homosexuals and efforts to become more gay friendly.

"The days of discrimination against homosexuals in the Mafia are over," stated attorney and peacetime consulieri Tom Hayden. "Partners of homosexual gangsters will now have the same benefits that the wives of straight gangsters receive. These include health insurance, a portion of tributes paid, 401k inclusion, and vengeance rights if their partner is shot 15 times in the head by a rival gang."

Also covered in the mob's new gay friendly image is a policy banning "faggot unfriendly" language. "We ain't gonna say tings like, 'Blow it out cha ass, Louie,' or, 'Why don't you just take it up the ass, bitch,' to be sensitive and all," declared lifetime made man Sammy "One Chin" Castigliano. "It'll be a transition, but an important one," he said. "Just like from bootlegging to drug smuggling, or from Frank Sinatra to Tony Bennett."

The Mafia announced these new gay friendly policies as a result of the recent economic downturn. "They need to expand operations to take all the poor and destitute hoping to gamble and do other desperate things, but it's hard to attract new employees," stated Fidelity Investments job manager Ryan Davidson. "Many similar operations are expanding and trying to solicit people they traditionally didn't target because they didn't have to. The Mafia is now focusing on gays, while inner city youth gangs are recruiting orthodox Jews, and strip clubs are sending 'recruiting agents' into Amish country. Along with trying to hire out of the normal prospect pool, many organizations, including the Mafia, are using new methods to get people to sign on. For example, some companies are offering expanded benefits packages, others are promising flextime, while the Mafia pledges not only not to kill homosexuals, but to make it easier for them to adapt to the lifestyle."

"We've replaced those tawdry silk suits with some fantastic new Chenille!"

Many groups are protesting the "Sicilian Army's" stance on homosexuality, including Rights for Decent Americans, an organization in favor of rights for rights for decent Americans, as long as you define decent to mean "white, Protestant, heterosexual, and neither too short nor excessively tall." In the past, this organization has rallied against companies that have announced gay-friendly policies, such as Disney and the major auto manufacturers. "It's not healthy to promote healthy homosexual relationships. So what if they consist of two responsible adults who love and care for each other? Can't they just get into unhealthy heterosexual relationships like 85% of Americans? And if the Mafia is setting the standard with this, what's next? Posting bail for Tony the Snitch?"

The gay Mafia community is elated. Jimmy "The Vacuum" Laudicina, president of MHC (Mafia Homosexual Community) is pleased with the efforts of his employers. "The only difference will be when watching The Sopranos. Now some of the characters will actually be sopranos." Laudicina sees this as perhaps the first step in a bold new direction for the Mafia. "Who knows, maybe some day we won't have the company picnic at a Mets games, and we can all just see Rent. I'm also excited about establishing a more fashion friendly Mafia. Those cement boots are sooooo Black Hand."

An Open Letter to the Guy that Took the Last Cherry Fruit Pie from the Angell Hall Vending Machine

by Christopher J. Peters

Dear Jerk,

Yeah, you know who you are: guy with your dirty-wash Mavi jeans and your trendy yet versatile North Face backpack. Last Tuesday morning, I stood in line behind you and watched in agony as you purchased the very last Hostess artificially-flavored Cherry Fruit Pie from the vending machine by the Fishbowl in Angell Hall. Item C-6, 75 cents. Yeah, I was there. I saw. I saw you take that utterly delicious Cherry Fruit Pie, carelessly discarding its crinkly wax paper wrapping before gnawing away at its succulently moist golden baked crust and sweetly tangy fruit filling. Who do you think you are, guy? Did you ever stop to think that maybe, just maybe, there are other people in this world? Other people whose lives your actions directly affect? I was robbed that day—robbed of the immense satisfaction, high fat and caloric content, and inevitable slight stomach discomfort that Fruit Pie would have brought me on a chilly Tuesday morn. But you don't care. I bet the emotions of rage that I channeled into that syrupy filling just made it all the more delicious for you, you savorer of sweet human misery!

Each day I suffer through hours of tortuous lectures, and the only thing that pulls me through to the end is the thought of that scrumptious fruit pie waiting for me in the Angell Hall vending machine. I can hear it calling to me as I walk down the hall.

"Christopher!" it cries. "Christopher, come eat me! Where are you, my sweet, my only? Being eaten by you is the sole reason for my existence! Hurry, please! Come gobble me up before I'm ripped away by some jerk in dirty-wash Mavi jeans and a trendy yet versatile North Face backpack!"

And when it calls, I answer, like the lonesome wolf answering the call of the wild, like the fearsome gorilla roaring through the jungle, like the vicious bunny stalking its dandelion prey. Like the pretentious fourth-grader who knows the answer and has his hand raised before anyone else has even thought of the question. But when I free that fruit pie from its coin-operated prison, depositing it into my welcoming arms, I am gentle. I am tender. I am a sweet Don Juan, seducing it from its tender wrapper with soft amorous sighs.

But you. You in your Mavi jeans and a trendy yet versatile North Face backpack. What do you know about Fruit Pies? Who died and made you King Hostess? I hope you're satisfied. I hope that fruit pie brings you happiness. A short lived and transitory happiness that will vanish and leave you with an empty place in your stomach, an insatiable void that can never be filled, no matter how many Hostess Fruit Pies you eat. Those buttons you pressed, C-6, to me they're the keys to my heart, but to you they are only a poor breakfast substitute. You will live to rue the day you stole my snack.

Sincerely,
Christopher J. Peters

Office Continues to be Baffled by Co-Worker's Ambiguous Ethnicity

Speculation continued today at the Broad Street office of McIntosh, Kravitz, & Co., where James Phillips, a second-year associate, continued to baffle co-workers with his non-distinctive origins. "Well, he has curly hair, so I think he's part Jewish," said Ann Murphy from accounting. "That and I think he was gone during one of those Jewish holidays. But I swear the day before he was microwaving sweet and sour pork."

John Kaufman, vice-president of marketing, called for a meeting early this morning around the water cooler in order to discuss the matter. However, no consensus was reached and the discussion had to be temporarily abandoned when Phillips came into the room. Kaufman remained adamant in his position that Phillips is of a partially Mediterranean background. "His skin is olive. He's Greek. It's so obvious if you just look at him. Plus, his eyes are sort of slanty. I think he's part Oriental too. But he's really good at swimming, so he's obviously somewhat Canadian."

"That would explain the pork," chimed in Murphy.

Chris Daniels, a first-year associate, staged his own investigation into the matter. "Well, I told him that I was going to Italy during Christmas and I asked him if he knew anyone in Italy. He said he knew a few hot girls everywhere and we laughed and then I said to him real casually, 'So, do you celebrate Christmas?' and his phone rang and I left. I think he was avoiding the whole issue. It's just like those Italian guys to avoid stuff like that. Or is that the Irish? The Irish may like avoiding stuff but they *do* love their Christmas."

James Philips co-workers discuss his indistinguishable ethnicity

The office pool during the U.S. Open only served to complicate matters. "I always see him rooting for Tiger Woods," said Daniels. "Maybe that's something."

"He could be Scottish." suggested Kaufman. "Don't they golf a lot?"

"I think they like pork, too," said Murphy.

Phillips, who has neither denied nor confirmed any of the current theories, is five foot nine, has dark, "curly but not afro curly" hair, brown eyes that look "sort of almond shaped," and "olive-y" skin.

"We all just want to know. Then we could go back to our business. We haven't been able to really accomplish anything since he started working here," Kaufman said.

Desperate to devise a plan, Kaufman urged his co-workers to think "outside of the box." At that point, Steve Berman, a coworker who had been wearing a cardboard box on his head, removed the box and suggested that they hold a workshop on racial diversity to "smoke out" the truth in a subtle, politically correct way. However, the discussion ended when conversation shifted to the issue of whether or not Bob Foley in production is gay.

VIGIL

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less, excruciatingly painful deaths."

Though gruesome, many were amused by the accident, as most attendees were high. "It was the second best party I'd ever been to," said junior James Corbitt.

Parents of the three students who died in the accident have filed thirty-seven separate class-action lawsuits, including ones against the University and Prometheus, the mythological Greek character who gave humanity the gift of fire. "If Prometheus hadn't stolen fire from the gods and given it to us humans, causing Zeus, in vengeance, to create Pandora, who set loose all the evils of the world, our children would be alive today," said Melinda Phillips. "And for that, he should be forced to pay no less than $5 million in punitive damages, and $10 in compensatory damages. God bless America."

A candle light vigil-vigil, to remember those who were remembering, was scheduled for this Thursday but was delayed in favor of the a candle-light vigil being held to remember the Alamo. The Remembrance vigil is currently being re-scheduled for some time next week. As a precaution, instead of carrying normal candles, many will stand silently with Roman candles and remember.

Still, some students feel this tragedy could have been prevented. "We should have all bought scalped tickets and gone to the Beastie Boys concert instead," said participant Bryce Lilling. "Then we could have freed Tibet and heard some bomb-ass rhymes. Jee-ah."

ADDRESS

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rebuilding his demolished country, or something?"

Dan Worley, another roommate, says that Connell has been acting strangely for several months. "Ever since September 11th, he's been pretty fucked up. First he started chain smoking, and he kept telling his packs of Camels that he would 'smoke them out of their holes,' whatever that means. Later, he pulled this wad of hair out of the shower and paraded it around the house, saying that he would 'strike not only at roommates who leave hair in the drain, but at roommates who harbor such hair terrorists,' and then he punched himself in the face."

Worley added, "He may be a fucking freak, but at least he splits utilities.."

Despite the complaints, Connell defended his unusual address. "My cause is just, and seeing the depths of my roommates' hatred I think they should go to hell where Satan will roast their exposed bowels over lukewarm Sterno."

He added, "Besides, I was required to give the speech. Our apartment constitution, which I drafted, states, 'Joseph Connell shall from time to time give to the Roommates information of the state of the apartment, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.' If me getting laid with Evan's girlfriend isn't necessary and expedient, I don't know what is."

ENRON

from page 2

Congress, outraged by reports that some Enron executives have had to mortgage their railroads or even sell off their light blue properties, has leapt into action. Sen. Joseph Lieberman (D-CN) will head a committee, established by the Senate Judiciary Committee, to investigate the committee, led by Sen. Joseph Lieberman (D-CN), which is already investigating the Enron scandal.

Senate leaders hope to discover what, if anything, the original investigating committee has discovered, and have already formed a committee, headed by Sen. Joseph Lieberman (D-CN), to investigate whether further investigation committees should be organized.

Meanwhile, dispossessed Enron executives remain with few places to turn as they wait for government action and watch their lives unravel. New stories of tragedy unfold every day.

"Our life has basically been put on hold," said Wendy Gramm, an Enron director and wife of Sen. Phil Gramm. "Thanks to Enron's collapse, Phil and I had to cancel our plans to build a giant, Scrooge McDuck-esque pool full of gold coins. All we could afford was the sapphire-filled jacuzzi, like McDuck arch-rival and second-richest duck in the world Flintheart Glomgold had. It was horrible. Phil cried for weeks. He even refused to go to work in the Senate, because he'd told all his friends there about his pool, and he couldn't face them without it. Poor little guy."

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Referee Cloned So He Can Go Fuck Himself

Dr. Wensel Lieter of the University of Michigan Medical School announced a major breakthrough Thursday as researchers have successfully cloned a human being. Lieter commented that the cloning subject was local 5th grade girls' basketball referee Bill Hamilton who blew a call that cost his daughter's Riley Elementary team a two-point game against St. Joseph's.

"You should have seen the call that blind ref missed," said Lieter. "That girl from Pioneer obviously traveled. I don't care how late in the game it is, a travel is a travel. I told [Hamilton] that he could go fuck himself, and that's when I realized what had to be done.

"We thought about creating a penis extending/bending device that we could forcibly place on [the offending referee] Benson. While this device proved successful in trials on mice, chimpanzees and Gilbert Gottfried, the results were not nearly as promising in humans."

Bill Hamilton #1 and Bill Hamilton #2

The University sought to head off some of the controversy involved with human cloning by releasing a statement Friday. "We fully support Dr. Lieter and his staff in their blind quest for vengence against bastard referees like Bill Hamilton. Okay, so maybe they wouldn't have made it to the championship. Or at least Regionals, right? Either way. Hamilton can go fuck himself thanks to student funded research."

According to Arthur Townsley, a scholar of girls' elementary school basketball, and owner of the world's second largest collection of spoons bearing the likeness of Vanessa Redgrave, the cloning of a referee for self-intercourse is the next logical step in what has been a limited line of parental reactions to referee incompetence.

"Before, parents had few options. Other than pinning down a ref or coach one hundred pounds lighter than you and pounding his head into the ground in front of his children until he dies, then telling the police 'You got him good' and pretending at trial that you're a 'gentle giant' and somehow only getting 10 years in jail, there wasn't much that could be done. Fortunately, now there is."

Of course several stumbling blocks still remain for the cloning scientists at the University. Past attempts at cloning animals have resulted in birth defects and degradation of DNA, which can lead to premature death in a slow, painful melting process. Addressing such concerns, Dr. Lieter said, "We don't really care if he has to have sex with a *mutated* version of himself. I think that still counts.

Fox's *That September 11, 2001 Show* "Explosively Funny"

Cashing in on America's intense desire to relive the forgettable past, Fox's new comedy, *That September 11, 2001 Show* has proven itself to be an instant classic.

The writers take full, hilarious advantage of the customs of the era, like watching CNN, crying, and shrieking madly while running from a collapsing sky scraper and being bombed by militant religious radicals.

With deft use of allusion, *TS11-2001S* takes us back to an era we have all forgotten, when we were all afraid of being murdered with the tools of our own evil capitalist regime by a seemingly untouchable fundamentalist foe, played by the always-wacky French Stewart.

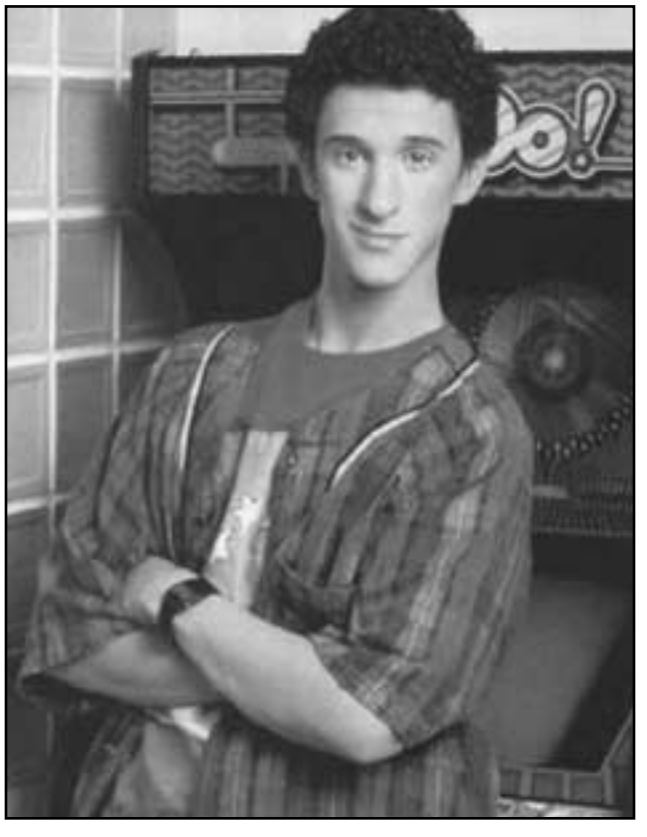
Set in an '01 era home right next door to both the World Trade Center and the Pentagon in New York City, the show centers around the life of Eric (Dustin Diamond) and his group of 20-something friends: Kelly, George, Frank, and Kelly #2. Eric is just getting over his breakup with Kelly #2 (Carmen Electra), was taken into FBI custody filling her breast implants with powerful C4 explosives. But humorous sparks fly when Eric tries to convince everyone that she's just playing "hard to get!" Now, in a set of uproarious mishaps, Eric must maneuver through the treacherous but sidesplitting romantic environment of the time, while listing to period music, such as Dave Matthews, and wearing a North Face jacket, reflecting the period's fashions.

Living in Eric's guest house is George, a newly unemployed Wall Street trader who does little other than play drinking games with 24-hour news networks. This transports us back to a time when alcohol was used by some as a means of escape from life's hardships.

Eric lives with his parents — his father, the slightly-chauvinistic New York Police Officer (Mr. T), and his mother (respected British actress Janet McTeer), a mildly retarded woman who also happens to be a firefighter. Neither character appears in the show after the premiere, when they are both infected with anthrax by the mischievous Frank.

With well-timed overuse of a laugh track, *TS11-2001S* suddenly becomes poignantly funny when we realize the deeper meaning hidden under the surface — "A laughing machine is telling us all to laugh now." With this innovative method of scripting, Fox's writers have actually removed the necessity of the scripting.

That September 11, 2001 Show premieres Wednesday night after *That December 7, 1941 Show*, and *That Mid-Season Replacement Show.*



NBC Debut's "The Bag"

Hot on the heels of FOX's *The Chamber* and ABC's *The Chair*, NBC plans on debuting its own torture-for-slight-amounts-of-money show later this week. Matt Kunitz, the mastermind behind *Fear Factor*, brings us *The Bag*, which puts contestants inside a large brown, burlap bag filled with broken glass and fire snakes. Imported Scottish soccer hooligans then beat contestants with golf clubs and cattle prods, causing them to flail about while encased in the hermetically sealed bags until they either die or beg for mercy. They are awarded $1 for every minute they can stay within the bag, and a variable amount based on maintaining a constant heart rate and the functionality of various vital and semi-vital organs.

"I got the idea after watching a Cambodian execution live on the internet," commented Kunitz. "I was like, 'Hey, that looks painful and stupid–just like much of television's prime time lineup. Let's broadcast it!' Two days later I was in talks with Paramount."

The show is not without controversy. Producers of a Dutch show, *The Satchel*, are claiming the creators of *The Bag* are simply stealing their idea of taking a homeless man, stuffing him into a satchel, then beating him for pleasure. "It's really quite the same thing, only instead of giving our hobo money, we give him a drink after he lets us wallop him," said Ruud Rijkörd, who plans to contest *The Bag* in the entertainment industry's highest court, *Judge Judy.*

Kunitz expressed few worries over legal issues and was more concerned about plans for next year's Super Bowl halftime event: *Playmate Fear Factor: Chlamydia Edition.*

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